

SUBHUMAN

NO. 13
MAY / JUNE 1989

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TENDER!
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SUB HUMAN

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editor/publisher/layout Cecil Doyle
co-editor/publisher/typesetting Dawn Doyle
front cover logo design Barry
(the Evil Twin) Wooldridge
contributing writers Kris Gilpin, George
Maranville, David Dodge, Barry Wooldridge
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fast foreword



"Life is a mystery ..." croons the Siren of the Apocalypse as I sip morning coffee. On-screen, crucifixes ablaze the night, bathing Madonna in immaculate cinematography. No longer like a virgin, she flashes stigmata and deep, quivering cleavage whilst freeing Black Jesus from bondage in the Church. Luis Bunuel winks at us from beyond the grave. Only a few snakes here and there could have improved the imagery. Elsewhere, a few subscribers shake their heads in disgust upon discovering that the latest issue of SUBHUMAN has the audacity to actually open with a somewhat lyrical thumbs-up to a fucking MTV video that they've seen 100 times! No readers, I haven't snapped. Though blasphemy is by no means a cinematic breakthrough, it is refreshing to see a step made within a medium that hammers its usual thought-numbing wares into our consciousness with unrelenting repetitiveness. Something that touches nerves among the messes, boys and girls.

In the latest issue of the excellent publication, ECCO, editor Charles Kilgore took time to address the situation concerning GORE GAZETTE, this zine, and WASHINGTON TIMES feature writer, David Mills. For those unfamiliar with the incident, Mr. Mills was researching an article on the current horror fanzine mini-phenomenon and became deeply offended by what he interpreted as "racist humor" in the pages of G.G. and S.H. Instead of critically taking a stand, he chose to all but ignore said publications by not covering them, save a brief quote from each, tacked-on at the butt of his article. Rick Sullivan (G.G.) and I subsequently lashed out rather blunt editorials in our last outings concerning the subject. However, neither of us rebutted with the level-headed eloquence performed by Mr. Kilgore in the recent ECCO #8. Charlie managed to put it all into perspective. While both defending and understanding the free-wheelin' nihilism practiced by our sarcastic IF regs, he also addressed the question of "where does freedom of expression end and the necessity for social responsibility begin?" We have no power to estimate whether an individual will interpret decidedly "sick", "sexist" and "racist" content as humor or condemnation... as delectable or detestable. But, in no way, is censorship the answer. If an inner-desire is fueled in some harmful way by sexually-explicit or racist literature, you can bet that somewhere down the line, this spark would more likely be ignited by merely gawking at the sight of the first tight skirt he encounters in the flesh or hearing any discouraging word from a member of another nationality. Que sera sera, Whatever will be, will be. I'm sure there are instances where viewers of ALL IN THE FAMILY interpreted lovable of Archie Bunker as the owner of a "right-on" philosophy instead of reading the irony of his character. Are we bull buttons? I know of a few imbecils who read a term in SUBHUMAN like, "screaming shitlick" and take it as derogatory. To think that someone would lovingly tag a movie as a "shitlick" is beyond their comprehension. It's all too individualistic an issue to properly tag as right or wrong. Oh, oh, now Madonna's crawling across the floor, in her latest vid, acting like a cat lapping up a saucer of milk... sometimes irony is a virtue!

(...continued on page 10)

mailbag ——— lafayette ——— 70506 louisiana

Yowza! SUB #12 was a beaul, as was expected. Gilpin's pieces on great undiscovered films such as THE LAST MOVIE are always great to read. Keep those kind of features coming, as they are a service to us all! However the first installment of Gilpin's IMBECILICUS script left me feeling as though the 2½ pages could have been filled with something a bit more informative or fun. I love Gilpin's writing, but the continuation of this feature gets a big fat "nay" from me! The definite highlight of the whole issue was Goodsell's "Confession" piece. I nearly shit my pants with laughter! I'm sure most of us have had run-ins with assholes of the same type, who propose a project (fanzines, promotions of live music, cons, etc.) yet are too goddamn dim-witted to pull it off. I'm still interested in hearing what Goodsell's most frightening life experience was. Entertaining stuff! All in all, it was worth the four-months wait and good to see SUBHUMAN back on the track again.

Berry "The Evil Twin" Wooldridge
Holloman AFB, N.M.

... In a society inundated with Fictions of every kind, penic is totally necessary ... Wotup, Ace??? I am a headached mired in electrical wires gotta explode ... About 10 hours ago I was at a bank machine and during the transaction I went otto piss in the doorway and the machine took back my withdrawal, yet still discredited my account ... yet I never got the money so I slammed a large garbage can into the machine, permanently ceasing its functions but unfortunately no money left out (as in thousands of dollars) so we left ... I have yet to return but someone told me what I did was a crime but I see the act as being totally justified within the context of everyday activities.

Wenna step off the planet and out of time itself ... Let's go ...

People walking in lines, following patterns what the fuck???? ¾ of the day should just be an entire riddle for others to decipher. Imagine how interesting and tingting it all could be. ...

Freddy The Bastard
Gainesville, FL

Sorry about taking so long to write you again. By now, I have ESSENTIAL SH, SUBHUMAN #10, 11, and 12. They are excellent (particularly ESSENTIAL and #10). If I were to compare SUBHUMAN with David R. Williams' FESTERING BRAINSORE, I would have to say he's leagues ahead of you in sleaze content (and misogynistic glee) but when it comes to personal profiles and (wonderfully) embellished film reviews, SUB is tops.

Jason Domasky
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Thank loads for the new SUBHUMAN. Interesting to read Gilpin's thoughts on THE LAST MOVIE. Maybe I'm getting suburban but the movie left me cold. In fact, I thought it was rather boring. Seems to me that a lot of people who "read" stuff into THE LAST MOVIE are the same ones who get some kind of "message" from EASY RIDER. Can anyone tell me what the "message" of EASY RIDER was? To me, all the movie said was "Life's a bitch a then you die".

Great lettercol, tho I'm sure you must be editing down those Dave Szurek tome letters.

But sad to say I was bored with Gilpin's so-called screenplay. You should, however, continue to run it since this is the kind of creative editing that's all but missing from fanzines — which should, by law, be creative at every turn. Don't worry about me — I'm bored to tears with just about everything these days other than Sam Fuller movies from the '50s.

Raymond Young
Lynbrook, NY

... Greg Goodsell's "confession" was funny and well written — Jeff London, however, sounds like the kind of guy who will re-appear — so I'll look forward to Part II. I don't believe in perfect symmetry!

Ben Grubler
Brooklyn, NY



BUT NO JUST
IN AMERICA
WOULD EVER
CONVICT HER

SHE SPAT ON MY TOMBSTONE

SHE SPAT ON MY TOMBSTONE

article by
George Maranville

...AN ACT OF REVENGE

Quick! . . . Roger Ebert's favorite film?

Who gives a shit, right?! This is **SUBHUMAN**, not **ESQUEER**! A better question is: what is Roger Ebert's least favorite film? Now that should be **SUBHUMAN** material.

No **SUBHUMANITE** would be hard pressed to come up with a personal fave that ol' Rog had unmercifully slammed: **MOTHERS DAY** comes immediately to mind. But as tough as the rotund one was on **MD**, it is nothing compared to the contempt he holds for the notorious **I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE**. Asked once on a Tonight Show appearance what the worst movie he had ever seen was, he responded without hesitation—I **SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE** (only a few months prior to this, a friend of mine had written to him, pointing out the hypocrisy of his review in light of the praise he had bestowed upon **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT**. In a rare personal response he admitted that his negative review may have been unduly influenced by the grindhouse vermin lying around him as he viewed the film, and not necessarily the content of the film itself. But that's another story.)

"What's the point?" you say. "Who is this George Maranville and what is he getting at?" Well my friends, I recently had the indubitable honor of appearing in the unofficial sequel to the film that tops Roger Ebert's most hated list.

Shot on video in Cookeville, Tennessee and directed by Donald Farmer (publisher of the on-again, off-again **SPLATTER TIMES** and director of **CANNIBAL HOOKERS** and **DEMON QUEEN**) it is tentatively titled **RETURN TO THE GRAVE**. This direct-to-home video release brings back the star of the original **ISOYG**, the fabulous Camille Keaton. I know what you're wondering: "Has she grown as an actress?" I don't know and it doesn't matter . . . because the same thing happens to her again.

I've known Donald for years and was always bugging him to give me a bit part in one of his films. He finally called me last fall and said he had a part for me . . . as long as I didn't mind raping someone.

He initially wanted to use footage of the original film as a flashback to set up the sequel but could not obtain the rights so he (illegally) recreated events in the first film and shot his own flashback sequence.

I am one of four protagonists who commits all sorts of nastiness on Ms. Keaton. The others were, respectively, a firm-jawed Biff Steele type who fancied himself a model, a musician who looked uncannily like Robert Plant, and some guy who seemed desperate to impress someone ("Did I tell you I have track lighting in my apartment?" I used to drive a Mazda RX-7 but it's woddod up in my backyard. Want to see the accident photos?").

Since it's only a pre-credit flashback sequence, there was no dialogue. It was a pretty casual affair. It's planned that Camille will do a voiceover recalling the experience as we "do our biddness on her" in a dried-out rock quarry (Is there a joke there somewhere?). The entire episode is more suggestive than explicit, with all the sexual acts implied and shot from a distance. It ends with Camille being forced to go down on me as the others leer on.

I drove back down there a couple of weeks later to get revenged upon. Rick Gonzales, a former protege of Tom Savini, supplied the special effects. I had my brains blown out of the back of my head courtesy of a pistol to the mouth (symbolism and poetic justice considering my previous actions, huh?). Rick strapped an electric charge and a condom filled with blood and toilet paper to the back of my head, and my girlfriend (thanks to her cosmetically unblemished hands got to be the gun-wielding stand-in; a thought she relishes every time we get in an argument or I'm late to pick her up).

All and all, a pretty fun time. I may never get to run for Mayor of Melonville now that I'm a bonified rapist, but I did get to meet Camille Keaton.

I'll never forget what Camille said to me as I thrust her head down and out of the frame and supposedly into my crotch: "I'm studying for my real estate license. I've got to take the test in a couple of weeks." What a turn-on.

UPDATE:

Bad news! I just found out that Camille, for reasons not explained, high-tailed it out of Tennessee and back to Groovy Los Angeles, before filming was completed (maybe she passed her real estate test and had to show a house). Therefore, the entire plot had to be rearranged... and I got axed! I didn't even suffer the indignity of being left on the cutting room floor—I was bulk erased, at least in the domestic version. It will run a little less than an hour and be called **SNUFF ALL BITCHES**. Don't look for this one at your local 7-Eleven or Quickie Mart, folks. However, the foreign version, titled **MS. MANIAC**, will include the flashback scene with me (which was the reason for this whole goddamned article). Well, if anyone out there is going to Asia anytime soon please rent **MS. MANIAC** while you're there. ★

mailbag

Hey, sorry for not expressing my frustration with **SUBHUMAN**'s four-month hiatus. If Goodsell can make a phone book sound interesting, you could certainly take a pass, at least, at explaining these turmoils of yours. Anything that'd make you so late with an issue couldn't be all that boring.

Tim Coats
San Francisco, CA

IMBECILICUS was fun.

Dan Wandrey
San Juan Capistrano, CA

I vote: Keep those installments of IMBECILICUS coming! A definite "yes".

J.S. Stephens
Corpus Christi, TX

Concerning your **FORCED ENTRY** review: Gee, I would've thought you'd like a movie that would make you shit all over yourself, especially since so much of your rag is devoted to coprophilia anyway. Sounds more like you've joined the ranks of "The Mighty Offended" (or maybe you're just not getting enough fibre in your diet). Remember Cecil, God loves you.

Norm Orschnorschki
Berkeley, CA





Hanging Out WITH WISHMAN'S WOMEN

by Krls Gilpin

NUDE ON THE MOON: This 1960 nudie movie, aka **NUDES ON THE MOON** and **NATURE GIRLS ON THE MOON**, was written and directed by Doris (**BAD GIRLS GO TO HELL**, **THE AMAZING (PENIS)TRANS-PLANT**) Wishman; it was directed under the name Anthony Brooks, a pseudonym (a trick of the credits employed by many a low-budgeter, including Herschell Gordon Lewis). Shot around Miami, the moon was doubled by a rocky homestead in Homestead, Florida, named Coral Castle (still open to the public); it was a castle built in coral by a lovesick schmuck for a woman he waited all his life for, to come back home to him and their new abode. (She never did).

With a dipshit croon on the soundtrack and an animated moon under the credits, **NUDE ON THE MOON** is the wonderfully hi-camp (today) tale of two assholeonauts, Jeff and Professor, who waste the first half of the film having long, banal (yet unintentionally funny, naturally) conversations about making a trip to the stars. The entire film was shot MOS or without sync sound (or "mit-out sound," as the German Erich Von Stroheim would say)—every word was dubbed—the acting's delightfully shitty and there are constant pregnant pauses between the lines of dialogue; the one sound effect suggesting the science lab these guys inhabit is a gurgling-water noise. The most dramatic lines include "I'm confident of our work"; "Yes, but there's a 'but' in your voice!" There's also the requisite amount of bogus scientific-sounding gibberish in the dialogue, though after a while of this one starts to pray for that old fast-forward button.

After a couple long driving scenes (mandatory, even today, on a low budget) in which the men pass a marquee which reads **HIDEOUT IN THE SUN** ("Filmed in Nudarama") and a sorely-misread Royal Castle restaurant, they finally enlist the aid of some hilarious, 50¢ stock and FX shots of toy rockets and nose-cone separations to help them get to their destination. Upon derocketing, the guys sport funny space suits of colored T-shirts and helmets with thin rubber hoses hanging. They walk around picking up small rocks, saying, "This one's small but let's take it anyway." They finally peer over a wall of coral rock, and the second half of the film is non-stop nudity, as lots of girls walk around (nudists seem to walk funny for some reason) wearing only little toy antennae on their heads and short shorts which are crawling up the cracks of asses (the lunar babes bend over in front of the camera to pick up things a lot); viewers with breast fetishes (ahem; yes) will be in hooter heaven.

The girls are also telepathic, and they get to perform some ludicrous, gyrating "moon dances" (with cute little bellies hanging), along with the inevitable ball-throwing scene (apparently nudist love to toss balls to each other and smile like cretins). The action's mostly silent, of course, with lots of dippy Muzak, and the photography's grainy but colorful. The guys offer the Queen cutie the gift of a Mars bar (yuk yuk); she splits the candy turd out and eats the wrapper. The young Jeff falls for an outer space/Coral Castle cutie, but they must return to Earth and . . . oh, but why spoil the ending for you?

DEADLY WEAPONS: Starring stripper Chesty Morgan, so named for her horrifying 73-inch breasts, and written and directed by Wishman in the early '70s. **DEADLY WEAPONS's** credits are rolled over the horribly distorted image of Chesty's chest, reflected off of convex mirrors so as to look unearthly; the blue veins therein suggest a roadmap of Wyoming (sorry!). The flick co-stars porno dinosaur Harry Reems (name misspelled here as Reemes!) as one of the bad guys who kill Morgan's mob-involved boyfriend; she then goes on a mission to track down each baddie and murder them, smothering them with her mammoth mammaries (!); now That's Entertainment! And that's also the entire extent of the plot, excepting a surprise, tragic twist ending (which solicits, of course, yawns and laughs). The camerawork is of the ass-held variety and often out of focus to boot; the overall production values are sub-amateurish, which ain't easy—what more could a Shit Flick devotee ask for?

Chesty plays a "successful executive" before quitting to avenge her sleazy fiancé; she looks very sad and uncomfortable as she washes her breasts in the bath (they fill up most of the tub); she goes out on the hunt in hilarious, 6-inch thick heels and outrageous 60's styles which surely must have made John Waters ecstatic, and her "acting" consists of mostly staring off-camera. This is more silent/dubbed filming here (one scene in a hotel room is in sync sound), and one of the men in the cast looked very familiar (I believe he was the good father in **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT**). There are also stunning, non-sensical cut-aways on display, such as close-up cuts of lampposts, cracks in the street, portions of walls and chairs, etc., stuck in the middle of scenes! And the fight scenes rank among the most inept ever shot. To save money on extras there're also tacky/funny stock shots of nerdy-looking adults from the era! And **DEADLY WEAPONS** (literally) crawls along to its conclusion.

Chesty Morgan and Doris Wishman would later re-team to produce **DOUBLE AGENT 73**, in which the stripper played a spy with a camera implanted in her left knocker. Her acting in that one prompted the writer-director to even have to dub her dubbed voice! (For the last few years Wishman has been working on her first horror film, originally entitled **A NIGHT TO DISMEMBER**. Does anyone know what happened to Ms. Morgan?)



HE'S ZANY! HE'S WACKY! HE'S Kooky! HE'S...

THE SUBHUMAN!

ALLOW
ME TO
INTRODUCE MYSELF -
I AM THE ONE
THEY CALL...
THE
SUBHUMAN!

THE
EVIL
THIN
-Y-

**FUCK
YOU!**

LIKE A LOT OF YOU OUT THERE,
I'M NOT CONTENT WITH THE
NORMAL EVERYDAY MUNDANE
THINGS IN LIFE. I MUCH PREFER
ACTIVITIES THAT ARE MORE
UNUSUAL AND EXCITING...



... LIKE MASTURBATING TO AUTOPSY
VIDEOS...



... ENGAGING IN VARIOUS FORMS OF
AUTOCROTIC STIMULATION...



... GERBILING...



... AND NECROPHILIC LOVE WITH THE CORPSES
OF 9 YEAR OLD GIRLS WHILE READING MY
FAVORITE MAGAZINE - SUBHUMAN!
IN A WORD - JUST PLAIN FUN!



THE UNDERTAKER AND HIS PALS

review

by Cecil Dayle

This inept mid-Sixties exercise in (some) black humor is finally available on videocassette thru the folks at M.T.I Home Video (c/o 14352 S.W. 142nd Avenue, Miami, FL 33186). My affinity to view this picture had been fueled earlier this decade, after first gawking at one of its incredibly designed ad-mats in the pages of Michael Weldon's PSYCHOTRONIC bible. "A macabre story of two motorcycle-riding, knife-wielding, shiv-throwing, eye-gouging, arm-twisting, chain-lashing, copul-flooding, acid-throwing, gun-shooting, bone-breaking, pathological nuts and their pal, The Undertaker" indeed! Story concerns itself with the aforementioned trio who randomly choose victims out of the phone book or murder women whose last names resemble that of food (i.e. Mary Lamb, Ann Poultry). For the viewer, it isn't long before it's revealed that the murderous hikers are Mort the Undertaker and two proprietors of a lil' Greasy Spoon ("Spike" and "Doc"). Performing their dastly deeds to drum up business for both's perspective establishments, underlying accusations on the small, private American Business are implied throughout the film with Mort reaping the benefits of taking on \$800 worth of extras to his "discount" \$144.98 funeral costs (which includes trading stamps) before supplying the human remains as a meat substitute at the boys' restaurant (afterall, food suppliers charge an arm and a leg for good meat). The private dick who works above the diner attempts helping authorities solve the case though all of it is happening, literally, under his very nose.

Written and directed by David C. Graham and originally killed theatrically alongside T.V. Nikole's equally infamous sickie, THE CORPSE GRINDERS (which included the now-legendary "certificate of assurance" that the management of the theatre was not responsible for health problems resulting from the viewing of said films), UNDERTAKER is a poorly-executed exploitation cheapie that works in spite of its own terms. Having recently been disappointed by similar sub-genre entries, the likes of BLOOD DINER, PSYCHOS IN LOVE, EAT & RUN and HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS; this film holds that magic charm dated from the "golden age" of slake humor when Lewis/Friedman held the lantern for others to follow. Filled with broseled babes, a close-up of actual intestine-fondling, and a classic SUBNUMAN scene of an elderly woman (and a Venus de Milo miniature) being beaten bloody by the helmeted crew with a heavy chain inside of a push steam room, I highly recommend UNDERTAKER AND HIS PALS for a shitty-good hour's entertainment. Required viewing for devotees of crimson comedy. Warning: plant tongue firmly in-cheek when feeding this to your VCR. Unwanted house guests will most likely "cut in, cut up and cut out" by mid-film.

Island Women

review by David Dodge

Lurking in the foreign film section of a Marblehead, MA. video store lie several entries in the Private Screenings series. In search of something novel for you SUBHUMAN's I rented ISLAND WOMEN the moment I read the box describing the action as taking place on a "not so virgin" tropical island where some blonde bitch warden reigns over a prison full of hookers. Slobber, drool. The computer-printed title appears with no credits and abruptly cuts to a horribly dubbed array of nudity, heavy breathing, pubic hair, plenty of genitalia but no penetration, more nudity, more pubic hair, misogynist prison guards saying things like, "Stop crying, I know you loved it", and women so sex-stayed after only a day or two in the slammer they relish rape. Ideal stuff for infuriating chip-on-the-shoulder feminists.

Oh; the story? A dictator named Marco conspires with a madame named Carla to cover up their lucrative white slavery ring before U.N. investigators arrive by shipping them off to Tago Mago a.k.a. Rat Island. With the better part of the plot(?) out of the way, Carla strips and strokes herself while Marco leers. Then it cuts quickly to a bordello, where johns warm up by watching a woman fondle herself against a black backdrop. Troops then storm the dump and round up the girls while their johns cower. On Rat Island, the Madame is now a neo-Nazi Black leatherette prison warden whose gun-toting ugly slob guards constantly prod, shout, insult and bark orders at the inmates every minute. Along for the ride is a pervert doc who compiles nude photos, clips off the heads and goes over the crotches with a magnifying glass. Carla keeps herself busy with the head guard, Juan. After some skinny-dipping and beachside bopping, they shoot skeet with nude gals tossing the skeets. Juan loses the contest and is punished by having to participate in a nude wrestling match with one of the girls. He's proven a loser once more and the winner has sex with the warden, during which there're several cutaways to a portrait of Marco, seemingly intended as some sort of ironic "reaction" shot. After a failed escape attempt, the entire inmate population is punished by being forbidden to wear clothes! Just what this picture needed — even more nudity!! Carla has a blurry nightmare showing Juan and the girls coming to get her — in the nude. The three of them go to the doc complaining of food poisoning, so naturally he inspects his first patient's vagina for symptoms. Another stabs him with scissors and the trio go thru an escape that has all the tension of a turtle race before they confront a guard who lets them swim home. Carla pays a visit to Marco, whose regime is under fire from a student-led revolution and desertion by his troops. While she bathes in a gold-plated seashell-shaped bath with red velvet furnishings, Marco bickers into the phone. A toy grenade rolls in. A blast of smoke causes him to fall down. Revolutionaries declare him dead and hail the new President, that being the former prison guard seen letting the girls escape. Carla's dragged out of her bubble bath and returned to Rat Island as prisoner — a nude prisoner. Despite such anarchy, its still business as usual with the escapees running the whorehouse, Juan running the prison and plotting another revolt with Carla in mind as his Ambassador to Paris. They fuck. The End. Anyone for a sequel? Better yet, how about THE BIG DOLL HOUSE or THE BIG BIRD CAGE?

IMBECILCUS

THE SERIAL SCRIPT
PART TWO

by Kris Gilpin

FACE IN:

INTERIOR: NASA CONFERENCE ROOM

The room is crammed with reporters, sitting and standing. They are watching a bare podium on a platform in front of the far wall. There are a couple of stray dogs roaming the floor. The room is in silence, broken only by a man coughing. After a moment someone batches, then someone else farts loudly.

1st REPORTER:

Come in!

All laugh at this, as a somber-looking NASA official steps up to the podium.

NASA OFFICIAL:

(Smiles) Alright, who farted?

All laugh again, as a young women reporter stands for a question.

WOMAN REPORTER:

(Hotly) Can we end this smelly levity and get to the dead astronauts, Sir?

2nd REPORTER:

(To man beside him) Wow, what a bitch!

NASA OFFICIAL:

Our first probe of six months ago contained three men, none of which were hosed from again.

3rd REPORTER:

We've heard reports of transmissions coming into NASA's viewing room. Can you elaborate on this, Sir, and are they in fact from the lost probe?

NASA OFFICIAL:

Once unscrewed, the signals turned out to be an old episode of "Father Knows Best". We don't know where they come from.

4th REPORTER:

Which episode was it?

NASA OFFICIAL:

The one in which Bud was murdered and Cathy got laid.

More laughter from the crowd.

NASA OFFICIAL:

But seriously folks, we've assigned our three best men to Columbia 2, and they're now preparing for the mission.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR: SUPERMARKET

Goolus and Gallant walk down the aisles with a shopping cart full of food.

GOOFUS:

Great idea you had, Gallant, our pecking food for the trip! That NASA.commissary really bites!

GALLANT:

Did we get the toilet paper?

GOOFUS:

'Yeah, but where's the Jungle Juice? I refuse to do any more Tengl!

Gallant takes down a box of Space Food Sticks from a shelf and tosses it into the cart.

GALLANT:

(Pause) Are you scared, Goolus?

GOOFUS:

(Pause) Whatever got the first probe is still out there, but we can't let it defeat us! Mankind is too intelligent a race for that!

LOUSPEAKER:

(In a diphth, nasal voice) Attention shoppers! Get a free egg-puncher with every box of Bounce!

GALLANT:

Don't worry, we'll have a bell up there! Did you remember to get the butter?

GOOFUS:

Don't I always?

They gaze at each other longingly, as they reach the cashier's counter. They stop in line next to an Enguiner, the headline of which reads "MASS SLAUGHTER IN SUPERMARKET CHECK-OUT LINE", as we...

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR: NIGHTCLUB, NIGHT.

We see an old, decaying building bearing the sign "THE PUKE PALACE — CONSTIPATED? EAT HERE!" There is a poster on one side of the building proclaiming "PUNK ROCK HERE TONIGHT". Miquelcast drives up in his car and is met by a parking attendant with long, greasy hair. He takes the keys from Miquelcast as he spits on the windshield and wipes it clean with a large red kerchief he pulls from his back pocket.

PARKING ATTENDANT:

Will you be having dinner here, Sir?

MILQUETOAST:

Yes, I will.

PARKING ATTENDANT:

(*Handing him the kerchief*) Your napkin, Sir.

INTERIOR: THE PUKE PALACE:

Milquetoast passes by the club's stage as he is being seated. There is a group on stage, the drummer of which is involved in a solo. Milquetoast is handed a tattered menu as he settles into his seat. After a moment of watching the drummer perform, he scans the menu and is met by a lopsided waitress wearing a thick chain around her neck.

WAITRESS:

Well, whadaya want?

MILQUETOAST:

Uh, what's the soup of the day?

WAITRESS:

Pee-green. You wantit?

There is a burst of applause, as Milquetoast looks to the stage with the rest of the crowded nightclub audience. The drummer has finished his solo and is taking his bows. As he bends over for his final bow, he shoves his finger down his throat and throws up, which heightens the applause.

MILQUETOAST:

Uh, no, I don't think so. (*Checks menu again*) I'll have the Pukeburger, hold the mold, and the tie rings. Do you have any water?

WAITRESS:

Are you kidding?

MILQUETOAST:

(*Looking embarrassed*) Of course. (*Eyes menu*) I'll have the Phlegm Floaf.

WAITRESS:

(*Takes menu*) Brilliant choice, butch.

MILQUETOAST:

Say, what are you doing later tonight?

WAITRESS:

Getting scraped for gonorrhea.

She leaves, as another waitress runs up and sits beside him at the table.

MILQUETOAST:

God, Wilma, am I glad to see you! This place is swell!

WILMA:

I know, but I just had to see ya before ya went up tomorrow morning. (*Takes his hand*) You'll be careful won't ya?

MILQUETOAST:

Sure, but are we . . .

Her fat, greasy boss yells at her as he picks his nose.

BOSS:

WILLLMAII

She stands with Milquetoast

WILMA:

Look, I gotta go. You take care, OK? (*Kisses him*) I think I like you. Staying for dinner?

MILQUETOAST:

Lost my appetite.

They part, as we HOLD on the club's stage, where an M.C. runs out.

M.C.:

And now ladies and gentlemen — bursting at the seams with talent — the Colostomy Bags!

CUT TO:

DEEP SPACE

There are countless lovely stars twinkling in the darkness, as we see Columbia 2 enter the frame.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR: NASA CONFERENCE ROOM

The room is once again full, as the NASA official addresses the crowd from the podium.

NASA OFFICIAL:

We will receive our new transmissions in the viewing room as soon as the Super Bowl has ended.

A stray dog walks up and pisses against the podium.



**BACK
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CUT TO:
DEEP SPACE AGAIN
The lights are on in Columbia 2.

INTERIOR: COLUMBIA 2

The three astronauts are running around and laughing, as ROCK MUSIC blasts out of the overhead speakers. There are empty Hostess Fruit Pie wrappers strewn about the ship, along with spilled and dripping bottles of Boone's Farm Wine.

GOOFUS:

(Chasing Gallant in a circle) Party time!

MILQUETOAST:

(Flips all the switches on the immense control board) Whoaaa!

A television screen on the board is showing "Gilligan's Island." The show is interrupted by a broadcast from the NASA official.

NASA OFFICIAL:

Uh, boys, we haven't received a transmission from you yet. What's happening out there?

GOOFUS:

Hey, let's send them a transmission, fellas.

All three men crowd around the transmission camera, as they switch a knob to TRANSMIT.

ALL:

(Singing) Hello, halo, hallooo! Hello.

They then all turn around and fart into the camera.

GALLANT:

That oughta hold those scum for a while!

NASA OFFICIAL:

(To someone off-camera) Why haven't they contacted us?

VOICE (O.S.):

Probably just a touch of space madness, Sir.

There is a loud COMMOTION from the other end of an adjoining hallway, as the men all look down the hallway.

MILQUETOAST:

What the hell was that?

GALLANT:

Don't know, but it sounded like something on wheels to me.

The three men look at each other, then back down the hall. Slowly they move in the direction of the noise, as they hear SQUEAKING from in front of them.

GOOFUS:

God, rats on the ship!

GALLANT:

(Slopes thoughtfully) Wait a minute. That's not rats, that's the damn—

At that moment, the shopping cart from the supermarket zooms around a far corner and races toward them.

MILQUETOAST:

Quick men! Scatter!

Milquetoast runs from the other two men, as the cart picks up speed and mows down Gallant.

GOOFUS:

(Screams) It's possessed! Gallant!

Goofus stands over the limp figure of Gallant, as the cart stands and PANTS HEAVILY. It then takes off after Milquetoast. Goofus nudges Gallant with his foot.

GOOFUS:

Get up! Honey! (Nudges him harder) Wake up!

He kicks Gallant repeatedly in the face.

GOOFUS:

I love you! Wake up!

INTERIOR: COLUMBIA 2 KITCHEN:

Milquetoast is frantically searching for some sort of weapon. He runs his fingers underneath the kitchen countertop, then withdraws his hand quickly.

MILQUETOAST:

Ooh, God! Boogars!

Hearing a NOISE, he swings around and gasps as he locates the berserk shopping cart. His breathing steadies as he slowly goes for a gun strapped to his side, but the cart SHIFTS GEARS and steams into the spaceman's side, smashing his weapon. Milquetoast watches it fall to the floor in pieces.

MILQUETOAST:

Now I'm pissed! Even as we speak, there are ten crack astronauts sneaking up behind you with flame throwers!

SHOPPING CART:

(In an electronic voice) I find that hard to believe!

MILQUETOAST

(Pause) Would you believe several enraged townspeople with torches?

SHOPPING CART:

No

MILQUETOAST:

How about a Cub Scout licking his Bic?

SHOPPING CART:

May I make a suggestion?

MILQUETOAST:

Please do

SHOPPING CART:

Suck my dui-chi!

With that, the cart **REVS ITS ENGINES** and takes off after the spacemen, who runs out of the kitchen and back down the long hallway.

MILQUETOAST:

Help real Auntie Em!

The shopping cart leaps forward and, clipping Milquetoast's feet, runs him over, leaving two deep trenches along his legs and back. It then takes off, its wheels smoking, in search of the last astronaut.

(Dear Reader: — It is now live in the morning, and I have obviously written myself into a corner; I do not know how to end this chapter of my film. So, in all fairness, I present you with three separate endings. Take your pick. — K.G.)

ENDING ONE

INTERIOR: CONTROL ROOM

*The shopping cart zooms into the room and plows down Goofus, running back and forth over his ruined body, **LAUGHING** all the while. Finally, it stops.*

SHOPPING CART:

(To camera) I never liked humans!

ENDING TWO

INTERIOR: CONTROL ROOM

*The shopping cart enters the room, swinging around, looking for Goofus. After a moment, Goofus jumps down from his hiding niche at the top of one wall, grabs the bar on the cart's neck, and pushes it mightily out of a bay window in the ship. The cart screams as it drifts through the stars, as Goofus grabs the control board, determined to stay inside the ship despite the great exodus of the ship's air supply. There is a great **CRASHING, DEMOLISHING SOUND** as the entire ship collapses in on itself, crumbling Goofus and everything else in the ship into a great metallic ball, as we —*

CUT TO BLACK

ENDING THREE

INTERIOR: CONTROL ROOM:

The shopping cart enters, finding Goofus huddled in a corner.

SHOPPING CART:

Don't be frightened. I've been waiting for this moment for a long, long time.

*Goofus slowly rises and walks over to the cart, and holds it by its handle. We slowly **PULL BACK** as the beautiful light from an approaching moon fills the control room, as Goofus and the shopping cart stand together hand in handle.*

GOOFUS (V.O.):

And so it was to be... my new friend and I, destined to create a new civilization together, one based on intergalactic love and consideration for all the creatures of the galaxy. All I needed to do was to find a way to multiply.

*The **MUSIC SWELLS** as we —*

FADE OUT - TO BE CONTINUED



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